

young girls who were standing nearby. They were very friendly and after we had our little march, many of the natives were at the Station all waving goodbye as we pulled out.

On a very rainy Sunday morning, we arrived at dockside Halifax. It didn't take long to transfer from the train to the S.S. "Grampion" which was docked nearby. As soon as we were settled we had our first meal aboard. It was not too good. Just before dusk the Grampion sailed and we were on our way. There was not too much excitement crossing the ocean. We had some sea sickness, physical jerks, Crown & Anchor, etc., and about the sixth day out, we stopped and waited for the H.M.S "Cumberland" to pull close. A young Naval Officer was rowed over to consult with our Captain. While all this was going on our way, the Battleship, the first one we had ever seen, going in the opposite direction. *Our Band was on deck.*

*Playing Rule Britannia and other selections. It didn't take too long and we were again on our way*

About two mornings later, we went on deck and found we were sailing up the Mersey. Two hours later, we landed at a place called Avonmouth. We soon moved from the Grampion to a waiting train and after a short delay we were again on the move. We travelled through some populous districts and about four hours later got off at a little place called Westenhanger. We marched from there to West Sandling camp, a distance of three miles, where our war training would really begin in earnest. We had left London on April 12, 1915, and arrived in Sandling on April 29th, 1915.

TEMPUS FUGIT: It was raining the night we left Sandling for Folkestone. When we got there we immediately boarded the Channel Steamers and were soon on our way. The Fourth Brigade General Staff had embarked the Channel Steamers and were with us. After a long eventful trip we were towed into Boulogne about mid-morning. We then marched up the steep hill to the tented assembling centre at the top. The cooks got busy as everyone was hungry. It had been a long long night. After supper we marched to the Boulogne station where we boarded a French train. After riding in the darkness for nearly seven hours, we detrained, the station sign reading St. Omer. The next day and for several days after that we were again on the move always edging closer to the front line. On the Thursday, we arrived at a small French village called Eeyck, and were told we would rest here for a few days. We did and while we were there we heard (through the grapevine) that someone had swiped the Colonel's horse while the Transport wasn't looking. It turned out to be true.

On the Saturday we were inspected by Major General Alderson who was said to be the Commander of the Canadian Corp. The following day our Chaplain Captain Carlisle held an open-air service which was well attended. He preached a wonderful sermon and we all sang the old favourites. The following Tuesday we were again on the march, and after a day or so we arrived in Dranoutre which was considered the gateway to the Western Front. After supper we started marching again and a few hours later the order "Single File" was given. We then left the cobblestone road and entered a soggy field still in single file. Everything was quiet until Billy Dower let out a yell. He had been hit in the leg and dropped. We all dropped with him. The stretcher bearers took care of Billy, our first casualty, while the rest of "D" continued on to a sand bagged area, where we relieved the 3rd Royal Fusiliers.

The Platoon officers were busy setting out the guards, possibly the most that had been assigned since the war started. When daylight came it was interesting to read the sign "S.P. No. 30. This strong point must be held at all costs". It made us feel important. As we thought things over, we realized that we had travelled from Queens Park and Wolseley Barracks to the Western Front. It had taken us nearly a year, (with a lot of activities in between) to do so but here we were at last. What the future held only time would tell.

We have omitted some of the details as space is a factor. We know you will understand